

THE
Innocent Country Maids
Delight.

O R,
A Description of the Lives of the Lasses of LONDON.

At London they the wanton play,
as it is often seen,
Set to an Excellent Country Dance.

}}

Whilst we do go, all of a Row,
Unto the Meadows green.

This may be Printed. R. P.



Some Lasses are nice and strange,
That keep Shop in the Exchange, 45.
Sit picking of Clouts, 6. 26.
And giving of flouts, 59.
And seldom abroad do range:
Then comes the Green Sickness,
And changes their likeness,
and all for want of Sale;
But 'tis not so, with we that go,
Through Frost and Snow, when Winds do blow,
to carry the milking-Payl.

Each Lass she will paint her face,
To seem with a comely grace,
And powder their Hair,
To make them look fair,
That Gallants may them embrace:
But every Adorning,
Before their adorning,
they're far unfit for Sale;
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The more to appear in Palde,
 They often in Coaches ride,
 Dress up in their Knots,
 Their Jewels and Spots,
 And twenty Knick-Knacks beside:
 Their Gallants Embrace 'em,
 At length they Disgrace 'em,
 and then they weep and wail;
 But 'tis not so, with we that go,
 Through Frost and Snow, when Winds do blow,
 to carry the milking-Payl.

There's nothing they prize above,
 The delicate Charms of Love,
 They Kiss and hey Court,
 They're right for the sport,
 No way like the Turtle-Dove:
 For they are for any,
 Not one, but a many,
 at length they spoyle their Sale;
 But 'tis not so, &c.

They feed upon Dainties fine,
 Their Liquor is curious Wine,
 If any will lend,
 They'll borrow and spend,
 And this is a perfect sign
 That they are for pleasure,
 Whilst wasting their Treasure,
 and then they may to Tayl;
 But 'tis not so, &c.

They sit at their Windows all day,
 Dress up like your Ladies gay,
 They prattle and talk,
 But seldom they walk,
 Their Work is no more than play:
 They living so easy,
 Their Stomachs are squire,
 they know not what they ail;
 But 'tis not so, &c.

When ere they have been too free,
 And happen with Child to be,
 The Doctor be sure,
 Is sent for to Cure,
 This two-legged Company:
 And thus the Physician,
 Must hide their Condition,
 for fear they spoyle their Sale,
 But 'tis not so, &c.

There's Margery, Ciss and Prue,
 Right Country Girls and true,
 May Bridget and Jane,
 Full well it is known,
 They'll dabble it in the Dew:
 They trip it together,
 And fear not the Weather,
 although both Rain and hail:
 Full well you know, away we go,
 Through Frost and Snow, when Winds do blow,
 to carry the milking-Payl.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.